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politics have adopted it." Lord Monck (late Governor-General of Canada) said, in the House of Lords, that Canada "should be taught to look forward to independence." Sir George Campbell said, "I believe Canada to be a burden and a risk to us." John Bright said, in Parliament, "There is no statesman in England who will venture to bring about the shedding of one drop of blood" in defence of Canada. He hoped "the whole of that vast continent in America might become one great confederation of States, not mixing itself up with the entanglements of Europe, without a custom house inside throughout the whole length and breadth of the territory." Mr. Lowe said, in Parliament, "It is our duty to represent to Canada that if after well weighed consideration she thinks it more to her interest to join the great American Republic itself, it is the duty of Canada to deliberate for her own interest and happiness." Lord Russell said, "If the North American colonies showed an anxiety to amalgamate with the United States, I do not think it would be wise to resist that desire." Many more such sayings might be given.—*Friends' Review*.

POINTS AS TO HAYTI.

I have seen a great many handsome black men too. As our distinguished chairman has told you, I spent eight years in Hayti as United States Minister, and I then resided near one of the most remarkable governments on this continent, and in the midst of one of the most remarkable people that God ever created. The handsomest man I ever saw in my life was a black man. The Haytians were the only people on the face of the earth who, when slaves, without abolition, sought to assert their rights and then to maintain that assertion in blood. Ever since January 1, 1804, they have been sovereign on the little island of Hayti, and it is a manly sovereignty too. And those who appreciate the character of the negro for courage must see that when Legitime feels that he has the power behind him, he may teach Bayard that he has the right to seize the Haytian Republic, and that Admiral Luce has no right to take it from him.—*Prof. John M. Langston*.

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE CONGRESS.

A great Congress is to be held this year in Paris. The meetings of the missionaries of good will will be held probably in the month of June, 1889; and will follow the work of the Universal Peace Congress of Paris in 1878. The programme was formulated at a meeting held at the residence of M. Ch. Lemonnier, the President of the International League of Peace and Liberty, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, the President of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, presiding. Amongst those who took part in the proceedings were Messrs. F. Passy, Ch. Lemonnier, H. Pratt, Eschenauer, H. Destrem, Conturier, Gaston Morin, Guebin, Mesdames Greiss-Trant, Taxily and Toussaint.

The programme adopted was:

1. Consideration of International Arbitration under all the forms and in all the applications to which the principle may be adapted.
2. Permanent Treaties of Arbitration between two or several peoples.
3. Application of the principle of neutralization to rivers, canals, straits, territories, nations, etc., etc.

4. International applications of the principle of Federation.
5. The Creation, by the initiative of Peace Societies, of Colleges of Arbiters.
6. The introduction in universities, colleges, and schools, of courses of theoretical and practical arbitration.
7. Reforms to be effected in international law.
8. The fundamental principles of an international code.
9. Generally, study, examination, and discussion of the means and measures which may progressively substitute between nations the juridic state, for that of war or truce, and finally render disarmament possible.—*L'Arbitre*.

G. DE W.

PEACE HYMN.

Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want from the wretch depart,
Chains from the captive fall;
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
Sufferers and brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
Each high partition wall;
Let love each harsher feeling drown—
Christians are brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall;
That heaven its work at length may own
And men be brothers all.

A NEW PEN-PICTURE OF WAR.

John S. Wise has written for the *Century* magazine for January, a dazzling and fascinating war picture; dazzling as is the basilisk; fascinating as is the serpent. It is an account of the fighting of the boys of the Lexington, Virginia, Military Institute at New Market. These "Cadets" were mere lads summoned from their school to meet an emergency in the civil war. Of the corps of 225, the killed and wounded numbered 56.

Before they were called to an actual campaign, we read, "The drill was perfect, they moved as one man." They were high-strung boys. Each battle they heard of infused fresh impatience for the fight. The terrible war wore on. The winter of 1863-4 was a gloomy one at the South. The wise shook their heads sadly at the prospect.

"Our little nest of fledglings, now numbering 350, too young to reason, too buoyant to doubt, longed to try their wings (*i.e.* to fight). They were gratified. On the tenth of May, 1864, they marched out like real soldiers to meet the foe. Before we left camp Captain Frank Preston, neither ashamed nor afraid to pray, sent up an appeal to God for protection of our little band. Few were the dry eyes. A few hours later in the thickest of the fight, and with an empty sleeve, he commanded Company B.

"The veterans made us ashamed of our seriousness with their gibes, and renewed within our hearts the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery. It was Sunday morning and eleven o'clock; the little town of New Market, which a moment before seemed to sleep so peacefully upon the Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle smoke and swarming with troops. I was left to guard some baggage, but I could not stay. I feared the ridicule of my father (Gov. Wise). The guard of four went with me (one was killed, two were wounded). We thrilled with the consciousness as we swept forward, 'This is war!' Then came

a sound more stunning than thunder. Lightnings leaped; fire flashed; the earth rocked; the sky whirled round; I stumbled, my gun pitched forward, I fell on my knees. I knew no more. When consciousness returned, the rain was falling, the shells were screeching and tearing the ground and bounding from the earth. Hill, Merrit, Read were lying near me gasping. My head was bleeding, my battalion was 300 yards away and fighting. Youth's dream was realized; *I was wounded and not dead!* I rose, trudged along towards the hospital, almost whistling with delight, at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home.

"At the third advance, Cabell, at whose side I had so long marched, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. They were awfully mangled. A blanket would have covered the three. McDowell, a mere child, sank with a bullet through his heart. Atwell, Jefferson, Wheelwright expired on the green sward. Shriver and Ship fell wounded. Stanard's limbs were torn off, and he lay bleeding. We conquered. At night no sound broke the Sabbath calm(?) save one gun pounding away at a bridge. The town was filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as if it were a feast or a holiday. I went out into the wheatfield, I found one body lying upon its face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms, his hands had clutched and torn great tufts of soil and grass; his lips retracted; his teeth locked; his face hard as flint; his eyes staring, bloodshot. It was, indeed, hard to recognize Cabell, who, but a few hours before, had stood first in his class as a scholar, second, as a soldier, and the peer of any boy who ever lived in every part of physical and moral manliness.

"A little removed from Cabell and nearer the enemy lay McDowell. *It was a sight to wring one's heart.* That little boy was more fit for the cradle than the grave. He was barely sixteen and not robust. He lay in death clutching back his jacket and shirt, exposing a fair breast with its red wound. He was from North Carolina, Stanard, playmate, roommate, friend, was yet warm, but dead! One week before he had kneeled at the chancel and was 'confirmed.' I loved him as a brother, and the tears would flow. The next day we buried the poor boys with the honors of war, bowed with grief at a victory so dearly bought. We were still young at the ghastly sport, but we proved apt scholars. We were greeted as heroes. The dead and the poor fellows still tossing on cots with fear and delirium, were almost forgotten in the orations at Harrisonburg, Stanton and Charlottesville, forgotten by the selfish comrades, whose fame their blood had bought. We were ordered to Richmond: our sadness disappeared. A week later the Cadet corps, garlanded, cheered by 10,000 throats, intoxicated with unstinted praise, wheeled proudly beneath the shadow of the Washington Monument at Richmond, to receive a stand of colors from the Governor."

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It is a fresh treatment of a sad old theme. Let none of our readers fail to read the above vivid portraiture of a boys' battle, by Henry A. Wise, which we were sorry to be compelled to condense.

First. Note the youth of the soldiers.

Secondly. Their enthusiastic desire for fighting.

Thirdly. Their home and school education in militarism.

Fourthly. Their mad excitement on the field.

Fifthly. The way they died.

Sixthly. The support that religion gave them.

Seventhly. The hardening effects of horrible butcheries followed by fulsome flatteries.

Eighthly. Study war in the light of these facts, regardless of its causes, its objects or its glories, and answer the question, "Is it a thing Christians should teach their children?"

AN APPEAL ADDRESSED TO EVERY LOCAL
W. C. T. U. AND TO EACH MEMBER
THEREOF.

BY MRS. H. J. BAILEY, NAT'L SUPT. OF THE DEPT. OF
PEACE AND ARBITRATION, WINTHROP CENTRE, MAINE.

Dear Sisters—Let us remember that we are the children of peace! Our religion breathes peace! The first gospel proclaimed when a Saviour was given to the world was the gospel of peace! "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

It has been very grievous and painful to me, and to many of our co-workers in the W. C. T. U. ranks, to see such a disposition manifested as we discover in the various articles of criticism which have lately been published in many different papers, and extensively circulated,—one member of our grand organization finding fault with this or that word or action of another, or with the body at large and its leaders, until, in some places, a strong party-spirit has been engendered that has led to discontent and even separation or disbandement, which is to be deplored. Dear sisters, rather let us cultivate a spirit of love and forbearance toward each other, mingled with large charity, realizing that none of us are perfect in judgment and that the grace entrusted to us is held but in earthen vessels which, without the utmost care and watchfulness on our part, are liable to be broken and our precious treasure lost. Let us each place ourself in the hands of the Great Potter and ask Him to keep us soft and pliable in order that he may fashion us according to his good pleasure and make of us honorable vessels for his own use in accordance with his will.

The W. C. T. U. has, in all the years since its organization, been doing a grand work for Humanity, for God, Home and Native Land. May we not slacken our diligence nor "be weary in well doing" for "in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

George Washington said of our Union of States, "United we stand, divided we fall." These words are no less applicable to us as an organization reaching out its philanthropic arms to every part of our vast country, than they were to those to whom they were first spoken.

Probably not one of our great sisterhood would be willing consciously to assume the awful responsibility of any "part or lot" in "stirring up strife" or of hindering, in the least, the prosecution of our peaceful but persistent and aggressive warfare against the saloon and all other forms of vice and crime which our great organization is laboring to suppress. But let us each ask her own heart the question, Am I filled with that love which "suffereth long and is kind, is not puffed up; thinketh no evil, speaketh no evil"? Do I sufficiently respect the rights of others in ALL THINGS as I would have them respect my rights? In fact, do I, in all my words and actions, both private and public, observe the "golden rule" of my Saviour, doing to others as I would have them do to me? Even if we feel that we have been wronged or our rights not sufficiently respected, it